

THREE POEMS.

BY GUY BOGART.

I strolled with my soul through the close
Of slumbering summer at rest ;
Felt soft songs of silence, heard fountains.
Blooms purple, bright gold or old rose
In pageant triumphant made quest
O'er flower-flecked velvet of sod.
I paused on the hilltop, while dreams
Made chord with my heart song of love—
Veiled vistas clasped hand with far mountains ;
Hills, valleys, fields, forests, bright streams
Glowed glad 'neath soft skies arched above—
My soul, tuned with Love, breathed "God."

* * *

Humanism !
Next step in progress.
Slowly through millenniums of toil
Man has pursued his godward path :
Best of every age preserved
In each succeeding stage.
The good of most primitive time
Is bulwark of the best to-day.

Savagery developed man
And passed.
Barbarism saw man
Farther on his way
And passed.
There is much good in each system,
Each the best

Man could grasp at the time.
 Humanism!
 Heir of all good of all time.
 Purged of evils that have held.
 Man from his heritage.
 With the new world comes
 Meekness
 That shall inherit the earth.
 With the new race comes end of
 Oppression
 And claims of rights and privileges.
 Love will be possible
 And democracy nearer;
 Spirits shall mingle freely with earth-dwellers
 And the barrier called death
 Shall lose all power
 In days of the new mysticism.
 Our oneness with the universe
 And growth in understanding
 Will make brothers of us all,
 While organizations and institutions
 Will cease their tyrannous rule
 When we come into the light
 Of Understanding;
 For in that hour has Humanism come.

* * *

Man the master
 Becomes the servant;
 Man the god
 Becomes the slave.
 Because
 Man the creator
 Worships that his hands have wrought.
 God created heaven and earth
 And fulness thereof,
 Man is god-soul,
 Co-worker,
 Co-creator,
 With the Infinite.
 God created men
 And man forgot God.

Man created conceptions of God,
Fantastic, fierce, anthropomorphic,
And straightway worshiped what he had made.
Tree-dweller and cave-man, he
Groped his way to godward heights.
Came fire,
 And man worshiped
 What he had discovered.
Came the home
 And man became the servant
 To an institution he had builded.
Church, school, factory, State—
All builded by man—
Have
 Hounded
 Him to hell.
Fetishes,
Bugaboos,
All belittling, dominate man,
While the Frankenstein creations of his own mind
Pursue him to destruction.
Use, O man!
The handiwork of your creation.
Bow not before your institutions and creeds.
 They were made by a young race
 As crutches ere a few sensed power
 To rise above child-fears of primitive ignorance.
These institutions you constructed
Were—and are—but tools.
Not one is sacred.
Cast with the crumbling relics
Of post-evolutionary débris
Those which serve not humanism.
A new age I proclaim
When humanism prevails,
When institutions serve man
And man serves not one institution.